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SONGS AND SONNETS
BY
RICHARD LOVELACE

[i]



Tell me not, (Sweet,) I am unkind,
That from the Nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To Warre and Armes I Flye.



SONGS AND SONNETS
BY
RICHARD LOVELACE.

R.H. RUSSELL, PUBLISHER
NEW YORK.
MCCCI.

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by
Robert Howard Russell.



E. H. Sothern as Richard Lovelace.







RICHARD LOVELACE

“**RICHARD LOVELACE**, the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace of Woollidge in Kent, Knight, was born in that country in 1618, educated in grammar learning in Charterhouse School near London, became a gent. commoner of Gloucester Hall in the beginning of the year 1634, and in that of his age sixteen, being then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld; a person also of innate modesty,

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virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex. In 1636, when the King and Queen were for some days entertained at Oxon, he was, at the request of a great lady belonging to the Queen, made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor of the University, actually created, among other persons of quality, Master of Arts, though but of two years' standing; at which time his conversation being made public and consequently his ingenuity and generous soul discovered, he became as much admired by the male, as before by the female, sex. After he had left the University, he retired in great splendour to the Court, and being taken into the favour of Lord George Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich, was by him adopted a soldier, and sent in the quality of an ensign, in the Scotch expedition, an. 1639." Such is the account left by Anthony Wood of Lovelace's youth.

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Although Whitelock, in his *Memoirs*, speaks very highly of Goring's military character, the campaign—if such it may be called—of 1639 can have afforded Lovelace scant opportunity for the display of any soldierly qualities he may have possessed. The general-in-chief of the army was the Earl of Arundell, who had never looked on the face of war; the command of the horse, through the influence of the Queen, had been given to the Earl of Holland, “the most incompetent of men” and, according to Sir Philip Warwick, “fitter for a show than a field”; while to the Earl of Essex, whose military experience, gained in the Palatinate, was next to nothing, was assigned the office of second in command of the entire Army. A contemporary account speaks of the march of the army to the North resembling a triumphal procession rather than a military expedition, and of the prevalent idea being that the campaign would terminate in bloodless compromise rather than in active warfare. Sir John

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Suckling, in a letter written to a friend from the banks of the Tweed, voices this general sentiment. He says :

“ We are at length arrived at that river, about the uneven running of which, my friend, Mr. William Shakspeare makes Henry Hotspur quarrel so highly with his fellow-rebels ; and, for his sake, I have been something curious to consider the scantlet of ground that angry Monsieur would have had in ; but cannot find it could deserve his choler ; nor any of the other side, ours ; did not the King think it did.

The account I shall now give you of the war, will be but imperfect, since I conceive it to be in the state that part of the four-and-twenty hours is in, which we can neither call night nor day. I should judge it dawning towards earnest, did not the Lord's Covenanters' letters to our Lords here something divide me.

So, Sir, you may now imagine us walking up and down the banks of Tweed, like the Tower

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lions in their cages ; leaving the people to think what we would do if were let loose. The enemy is not yet much visible : it may be it is the fault of the climate, which brings men as slowly forward as plants. But it gives us fears that the men of peace will draw all to a dumb show, and so destroy a handsome opportunity, which was now offered, of producing glorious matter for future chronicle.

These are but conjectures, Sir ; the last part of my letter I reserve for a great and known truth, which is, that I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

John Suckling."

It is a matter of history how, after weeks wasted by Charles in fruitless negotiations, a detachment of 3,000 foot and 300 horse under the Earl of Holland was sent upon June 3rd to drive out a considerable Scottish force which had established itself at Kelso ; how Holland, finding his force outnumbered, retreated—contemporary ac-

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counts say ran away—without striking a blow, and rejoined the main army at Berwick. On June 18th the Treaty of Berwick was signed, whereby the King engaged to send back his soldiers to their homes. "Posterity must tell this miracle," wrote Suckling, "that there went an army from the South, of which there was not one man lost, nor any man taken prisoner but the King."

It may well be that Lovelace, in this campaign, either met for the first time, or renewed his acquaintance with, Sir John Suckling, with whom he was, later, on terms of intimacy, and through him came to know James Shirley, who served under the Duke of Newcastle, and, perhaps, George Wither, who was at this period of his varied career a Captain and Quarter-master-general in the Royal army. His friendship with Andrew Marvell was of later date.

By August, 1640, the Scots were again in the field and preparing to cross the Border. Charles,

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who never wanted in personal bravery, upon receipt of the news set out from London for York, to place himself at the head of his army, hurriedly got together, without a commander, and already disordered. On the 25th of August the Scottish army, 25,000 strong, crossed the Tweed, and by the 28th were at Newburn, about four miles above Newcastle, where the Tyne is fordable. The raw English troops opposed to them, under the command of Conway, had never been under fire. They threw down their arms, and fled. The cavalry, under Astley, were driven from the field at the first charge. Astley endeavoured to rally his men, but the Scots, with Leslie in person at their head, charged once more and put them to rout. Such as were not taken prisoners fled to Durham, where they were re-joined on the 30th by the retreating infantry. Newcastle, left to its fate, was occupied by the Scots, who were not slow in following up their advantage, and forcing upon Charles the unpala-

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table Treaty of Ripon. At the conclusion of the Treaty, Lovelace retired to his native country, with the rank of Captain, and took possession of his estate at Lovelace Place, in the parish of Bethersden, at Canterbury.

Small share of military glory had Lovelace got in either campaign ; what was more important in shaping his life was the fact that his loyalty to his King had steadily grown as the King's cause became more and more desperate. In April, 1642, he was chosen by the county of Kent to deliver to the House of Commons the Kentish Petition for the restoring of the King to his rights, and for settling the government—"For which piece of service he was committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster, when he made that celebrated song called *Stone walls do not a Prison make, &c.*"

After seven weeks' imprisonment he was liberated on bail at £4,000, "not to stir out of the lines of communication without a pass from the

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speaker. During the time of this confinement to London, he lived beyond the income of his estate, either to keep up the credit and reputation of the King's cause by furnishing men with horses and arms, or by relieving ingenious men in want, whether scholars, musicians, soldiers, &c. Also, by furnishing his two brothers, Colonel Franc. Lovelace and Captain William Lovelace, with men and money for the King's cause, and his other brother, called Dudley Posthumus Lovelace, with moneys for his maintenance in Holland, to study tactics and fortification in that school of war."

In 1646, after the rendition of Oxford, partly impelled thereto by the utter hopelessness of the cause of the King he loved but was unable to serve, and partly owing to his having well-nigh consumed his estate, he left England, and formed a regiment, of which he was colonel, for the service of Louis XIV. in the Netherlands. At Dunkirk he was severely wounded, but recovered, and

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appears to have served in the Netherlands until his return to England in 1648, when he, together with his brother Dudley Posthumus, who had served as a captain under him, "were both committed prisoners to Peter House, in London, where he framed his poems for the press, entitled, *Lucasta: Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c.*, Lond. 1649, Oct. The reason why he gave that title was because, some time before, he had made his amours to a gentlewoman of great beauty and fortune, named Lucy Sacheverell whom he usually called *Lux casta*; but she, upon a stray report that Lovelace was dead of his wound received at Dunkirk, soon after married."

Shortly after the execution of Charles I. Lovelace was set at liberty, but he was a broken man, in spirit and in fortune. He "grew very melancholy," says Anthony Wood, "(which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloathes (whereas when he was in

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his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants. . . . He died in a very mean lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, and was buried in the west-end of the church of S. Bride, alias Bridget, in London, near the body of his kinsman Will. Lovelace, of Gray's Inn, Esq., in sixteen hundred fifty and eight, having before been accounted by all those that well knew him to have been a person well versed in Greek and Latin poets, in music, whether practical or theoretical, instrumental or vocal, and in other things befitting a gentleman. Some of the said persons have also added, in my hearing, that his common discourse was not only significant and witty, but incomparably graceful, which drew respect from all men and women."

FITZROY CARRINGTON.





SONG

TO LUCASTA

GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

I.

IF to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone ;

[1]

GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

Then my *Lucasta* might I crave
Pity from blustering winde, or swallowing wave.

II.

But I'le not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my saile,
Or pay a teare to swage
The foaming blew-Gods rage ;
For whether he will let me passe
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

III.

Though Seas and Land betwixt us both,
Our Faith and Troth,
Like separated soules,
All time and space controules :
Above the highest sphere wee meet,
Unseene, unknowne, and greet as Angels greet.

GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

IV.

So then we doe anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
In Heav'n, their earthy bodies left behind.



SONG

TO LUCASTA

GOING TO THE WARRES

I.

TELL me not, (Sweet,) I am unkinde,
That from the Nunnerie
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde
To Warre and Armes I flie.

[4]

GOING TO THE WARRES

II.

True : a new Mistresse now I chase,
The first Foe in the Field;
And with a stronger Faith imbrace
A Sword, a Horse, a Shield.

III.

Yet this Inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee (Dear) so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more.



A P A R A D O X

I.

'T IS true the beauteous Starre
To which I first did bow
Burnt quicker, brighter far,
Then that which leads me now ;
Which shines with more delight,
For gazing on that light
So long, neere lost my sight.

A PARADOX

II.

Through foule we follow faire,
For had the World one face
And Earth been bright as Ayre,
We had knowne neither place;
Indians smell not their Neast;
A Swisse or *Finne* tastes best
The spices of the East.

III.

So from the glorious Sunne
Who to his height hath got,
With what delight we runne
To some black Cave or Grot!
And, Heav'nly *Sydney* you
Twice read, had rather view
Some odde Romance, so new.

IV.

The God, that constant keeps
Unto his Dieties,

A PARADOX

Is poore in Iyes, and sleepes

Imprison'd in the skies.

This knew the wisest, who

From *Jans* stole, below

To love a Beare, or Cow.

SONG

TO *AMARANTHA*

THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVELL
HER HAIRE

I.

AMARANTHA sweet and faire,
Ah brade no more that shining haire !
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee let it flye.

II.

Let it flye as unconfin'd
As it's calme Ravisher, the winde,
Who hath left his darling th' East,
To wanton o're that spicie Neast.

III.

Ev'ry Tresse must be confest ;
But neatly tangled at the best ;

THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVELL
HER HAIRE

Like a Clue of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

IV.

Doe not then winde up that light
In Ribands, and o'er-cloud in Night,
Like the Sun in's early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day.

V.

See 'tis broke ! Within this Grove,
The Bower and the walkes of Love,
Weary lye we downe and rest,
And fanne each other's panting breast.

VI.

Heere wee'll strippe and coole our fire,
In Creame below, in milke-baths higher :
And when all Well's are drawne dry,
I'le drink a teare out of thine eye.

THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVELL
HER HAIRE

VII.

Which our very Joys shall leave,
That sorrowes thus we can deceive ;
Or our very sorrowes weepe,
That joyes so ripe so little keepe.



SONNET

I.

DEPOSE your finger of that Ring,
And Crowne mine with't awhile ;
Now I restor't—Pray, do's it bring
Back with it more of soile ?
Or shines it not as innocent,
As honest, as before 'twas lent ?

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SONNET

II.

So then inrich me with that Treasure,
'Twill but increase your store,
And please me (faire one) with that pleasure
Must please you still the more.
Not to save others is a curse
The blackest, when y'are ne're the worse.



100

(continued)

SONNET

II.

So then inrich me with that Treasure,
'Twill but increase your store,
And please me (faire one) with that pleasure
Must please you still the more.
Not to save others is a curse
The blackest, when y'are ne're the worse.

ODE

TO LUCASTA

THE ROSE

I.

SWEET serene skye-like Flower,
Haste to adorn her Bower ;
 From thy long cloudy bed
 Shoot forth thy damaske head.

II.

New-startled blush of *Flora* !
The griefe of pale *Aurora*,
 Who will contest no more,
 Haste, haste, to strowe her floore.



THE ROSE

III.

Vermilion Ball, that's given
From lip to lip in Heaven ;
Loves Couches cover-led,
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

IV.

Dear Offspring of pleas'd *Venus*,
And jollie plumpe *Silenus* ;
Haste, haste, to decke the Haire,
Of th' only sweetly Faire.

V.

See ! Rosie is her Bower,
Her floore is all this flower ;
Her Bed a Rosie nest
By a Bed of Roses prest.

THE RISE

VI

But early as she ~~crosses~~
Why fly from her bright Tresses?
And I have found I fear:
Because her Cheekes are near.





SONG

LOVE CONQUER'D

I.

THE childish God of Love did swear
Thus ; By my awfull Bow and Quiver,
Yon' weeping, kissing, smiling pair,
I'le scatter all their vows 'ith Ayr,
And their knit imbraces shiver.

LOVE CONQUER'D

II.

Up then to th' head with his best Art
Full of spite and envy blowne,
At her constant Marble Heart,
He drawes his swiftest surest Dart,
Which bounded back, and hit his owne.

III.

Now the Prince of fires burnes !
Flames in the luster of her eyes ;
Triumphant she, refuses, scornes ;
He submits, adornes and mournes,
And in his Votresse Sacrifice.

IV.

Foolish Boy ! Resolve me now
What 'tis to sigh and not be heard ?
He weeping kneel'd, and made a vow,
The world shall love as yon' fast two,
So on his sing'd wings up he steer'd.

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A LOOSE SARABAND

I.

AH me! the little Tyrant Theefe!
As once my heart was playing,
He snatcht it up and flew away,
Laughing at all my praying.

[19]

A LOOSE SARABAND

II.

Proud of his purchase he surveyes
And curiously sounds it,
And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel still on he wounds it.

III.

And now this heart is all his sport,
Which as a Ball he boundeth
From hand to breast, from breast to lip,
And all it's rest confoundeth.

IV.

Then as a Top he sets it up,
And pitifully whips it ;
Sometimes he cloathes it gay and fine,
Then straight againe he strips it.

V.

He cover'd it with *false believe*,
Which gloriously show'd it ;
And for a morning-Cushionet
On's mother he bestow'd it.

[20]

May

A LOOSE SARABAND

VI.

Each day, with her small brazen stings,
A thousand times she rac'd it ;
But then at night, bright with her Gemmes,
Once neere her breast she plac'd it.

VII.

There warme it gan to throb and bleed ;
She knew that smart, and grieved ;
At length this poore condemned Heart
With these rich drugges repreeved.

VIII.

She washt the wound with a fresh teare,
Which my *Lucasta* dropped,
And in the sleeve-silke of her haire
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped.

IX.

She proab'd it with her constancie,
And found no Rancor nigh it ;
Only the anger of her eye
Had wrought some proud flesh by it.

A LOOSE SARABAND

X.

Then prest she Narde in ev'ry veine
Which from her kisses trilled ;
And with balme heald all its paine,
That from her hand distilled.

XI.

But yet this heart avoyds me still,
Will not by me be owned ;
But's fled to its *physitians* breast ;
There proudly sits inthroned.



SONG

ORPHEUS TO BEASTS

I.

HERE, here, oh here ! *Euridice*,
Here was she slaine ;
Her soule 'still'd through a veine :
The Gods knew lesse
That time Divinitie,
Then ev'n, ev'n these
Of brutishnesse.

DIALOGUE

Chorus

If then the spirits only stray, let mine
Fly to thy bosome, and my soule to thine :
Thus in our native seate we gladly give
Our right for one, where we can better live.

II.

Lucasta

But ah, this ling'ring, murd'ring farewell !
Death quickly wounds, and wounding cures the ill.

Alexis

It is the glory of the valiant lover,
Still to be dying, still for to recover.

Chorus

Soldiers suspected of their courage goe,
That ensignes and their breasts untorne show :
Love nee're his standard, where his hoste he sets,
Creates alone fresh-bleeding bannerets.

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DIALOGUE

III.

Alexis

But part we, when thy figure I retaine
Still in my heart, still strongly in mine eye?

Lucasta

Shadowes no longer than the sun remaine,
But whe his beams, that made 'em fly, they fly.

Chorus

Vaine dreames of love ! that only so much blisse
Allow us, as to know our wretchednesse ;
And deale a larger measure in our paine
By showing joy, then hiding it againe.

IV.

Alexis

No, whilst light raigns, *Lucasta* still rules here,
And all the night shine wholly in this sphere.

Lucasta

I know no morne but my *Alexis* ray,
To my dark thoughts the breaking of the day.

DIALOGUE

Chorus

Alexis

So in each other if the pitying sun
Thus keep us fixt, nere may his course be run !

Lucasta

And oh ! if night us undivided make ;
Let us sleepe still, and sleeping never wake !

The Close

Cruel *adieux* may well adjourne awhile
The sessions of a looke, a kisse, or smile,
And leave behinde an angry grieving blush ;
But time nor fate can part us joined thus.





SONNET

I.

WHEN I by thy faire shape did sweare,
And mingled with each Vowe a teare,
I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,
I swore as I profest ;
For all the while you lasted warme and pure,
My Oathes too did endure ;

[29]



SONNET

I.

WHEN I by thy faire shape did sweare,
And mingled with each Vowe a teare,
I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,
I swore as I profest;
For all the while you lasted warme and pure,
My Oathes too did endure;

[29]

SONNET

But once turn'd faithlesse to thy selfe, and Old,
They then with thee incessantly grew Cold.

II.

I swore my selfe thy sacrifice
By th' *Ebon* Bowes that guard thine eyes,
Which now are alter'd White,
And by the glorious Light
Of both those Stars, of which their spheres bereft,
Only the Gellie's left :
Then changed thus, no more I'm bound to you,
Then swearing to a Saint that proves untrue.



SONG

LUCASTA WEEPING

I.

LUCASTA wept, and still the bright
Inamour'd God of Day,
With his soft Handkercher of Light,
Kist the wet Pearles away.

[31]

LUCASTA WEEPING

II.

But when her Teares his heate ore'came,
In Cloudes he quensht his beames,
And griev'd, wept out his Eye of Flame,
So drowned her sad Streames.

III.

At this she smil'd, when straight the Sun
Clear'd, with her kinde desires ;
And by her eyes Reflection,
Kindled againe his Fires.



UPON THE CURTAIN OF *LU-*
CASTA'S PICTURE IT WAS
THUS WROUGHT

Oh, stay that Covetous hand—first turn all Eye,
All Depth, and minde ; then Mystically spye
Her Soul's faire Picture, her faire Soul's, in all
So truely Copied from th' Originall,
That you will sweare her Body by this Law
Is but its shadow, as this its ;—now draw.



SONNET

ELLINDA'S GLOVE

I.

THOU snowy Farme with thy five Tenements!
Tell thy white Mistris here was one,
That call'd to pay his dayly Rents;
But she a-gathering Flowr's and Hearts is gone,
And thou left voyd to rude Possession.

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ELLINDA'S GLOVE

II.

But grieve not, pretty *Ermin* Cabinet,
Thy Alabaster Lady will come home ;
If not, what Tenant can there fit
The slender turnings of thy narrow Roome,
But must ejected be by his owne dombe ?

III.

Then give me leave to leave my Rent with thee :
Five kisses, one unto a place :
For though the *Lute's* too high for me,
Yet Servants, knowing Minikin nor Base,
Are still allow'd to fiddle with the Case.



SONG

THE SCRUTINIE

I.

WHY should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be ?
Lady, it is already Morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

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THE SCRUTINIE

II.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve houres space?
I must all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new imbrace ;
Could I still dote upon thy Face.

III

Not, but all joy in thy browne haire
By others may be found ;
But I must search the black and faire,
Like skilfull Minerallist's that sound
For Treasure in un-plow'd-up ground.

IV.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she ;
With spoyles of meaner Beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with Varietie.



A SONG

THE VINTAGE TO THE
DUNGEON

I.

SING out, pent Soules, sing cheerefully!
Care Shackles you in Liberty :
Mirth frees you in Captivity.
Would you double fetters adde ?
Else why so sadde ?

[38]

THE VINTAGE TO THE DUNGEON

Chorus

Besides you pinion'd armes you'l find
Griefe too can manckell the minde.

II.

Live then Pris'ners uncontrol'd ;
Drink oth' strong, the Rich, the Old,
Till Wine too hath your Wits in hold ;
 Then if still your Jollitie
 And Throats are free ;

Chorus

Tryumph in your Bonds and Paines,
And daunce to th' Musick of your Chaines.



E P O D E

T O L U C A S T A

F R O M P R I S O N

I.

LONG in thy shackels, liberty
I ask not from these walls, but thee ;
Left for awhile another's bride,
To fancy all the world beside.

[40]

FROM PRISON

II.

Yet e're I doe begin to love,
See how I all my objects prove ;
Then my free soule to that confine,
'Twere possible I might call mine.

III.

First I would be in love with *Peace*,
And her rich swelling breasts increase,
But how, alas ! how may that be,
Despising earth, she will love me ?

IV.

Faine would I be in love with *War*,
As my deare just avenging star ;
But War is lov'd so ev'rywhere,
Ev'n he disdaines a lodging here.

V.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoane,
Faire thorough-shot *Religion* ;

FROM PRISON

But he lives only that kills thee,
And who so bindes thy hands, is free.

VI.

I would love a *Parliament*
As a maine prop from Heav'n sent;
But ah! Who's he that would be wedded
To th' fairest body that's beheaded?

VII.

Next would I court my *Liberty*,
And then my birth-right, *Property*;
But can that be, when it is knowne
There's nothing you can call your owne?

VIII.

A *Reformation* I would have,
As for our griefes a Sov'raigne salve;
That is, a cleansing of each wheele
Of state, that yet some rust doth feele.

FROM PRISON

IX.

But not a reformation so
As to reforme were to ore'throw,
Like watches by unskilfull men
Disjoynted, and set ill againe.

X.

The *Publick Faith* I would adore,
But she is banke-rupt of her store :
Nor how to trust her can I see,
For she that couzens all, must me.

XI.

Since then none of these can be
Fit objects for my love and me ;
What then remaines, but th' only spring
Of all our loves and joyes, the KING ?

XII.

He who, being the whole ball
Of day on earth, lends it to all ;

FROM PRISON

When seeking to ecclipse his right,
Blinded we stand in our owne light.

XIII.

And now an universall mist
Of error is spread or'e each breast,
With such a fury edg'd as is
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyse.

XIV.

Oh, from the glorious starry waine
Dispense on me one sacred beame
To light me where I soone may see
How to serve you, and you trust me !



SONG

TO *ALTHEA*

FROM PRISON

I.

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my Gates ;
And my divine *Althea* brings
To whisper at the grates ;

FROM PRISON

When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetterd to her eye,
The Gods that wanton in the aire,
Know no such Liberty.

II.

When flowing Cups run swiftly round
With no allaying *Thames*,
Our carelesse heads with Roses bound,
Our hearts with loyall Flames ;
When thirsty grieve in Wine we steepe,
When Healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tippie in the Deepe,
Know no such Libertie.

III.

When (like committed Linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetnes, Mercy, Majesty,
And glories of my KING.



LOVELACE IN PRISON

FROM PRISON

When I shall voyce aloud, how Good
He is, how Great should be,
Inlarged Winds, that curle the Flood,
Know no such Liberty.

IV.

Stone Walls doe not a Prison make,
Nor Iron bars a Cage;
Mindes innocent and quiet take
That for an Hermitage;
If I have freedome in my Love,
And in my soule am free,
Angels alone that sore above
Enjoy such Liberty.



SONG

TO *LUCASTA*

HER RESERVED LOOKS

LUCASTA, frown, and let me die,
But smile, and see, I live;
The sad indifference of your eye
Both kills and doth reprieve.
You hide our fate within its screen;
We feel our judgment, ere we hear.
So in one picture I have seen
An angel hear, the devil there.



S O N G

T O L U C A S T A

I.

I LAUGH and sing, but cannot tell
Whether the folly on't sounds well ;
But then I groan,
Methinks, in tune ;
Whilst grief, despair and fear dance to the air
Of my despised prayer.

[51]

TO LUCASTA

II.

A pretty antick love does this,
Then strikes a galliard with a kiss ;
 As in the end
 The chords they rend ;
So you but with a touch from your fair hand
 Turn all to saraband.



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